

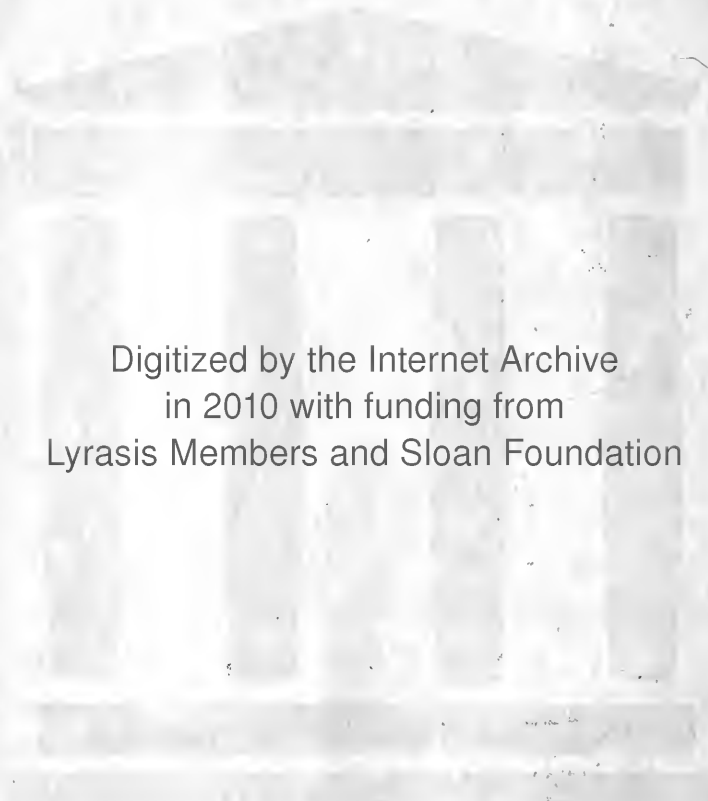
# The VOICE



**State Teachers College**

**Farmville, Virginia**

**June, 1929**



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# The Voice

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## State Teachers College

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

JUNE, 1929

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Wood Cut by Lillian Rhodes, '29  
**DANCE OF THE ELVES**

### Browning's Men and Women

"And then thou saidest a perfect bard  
was one

Who chronicled the stages of all life."

In the foregoing quotation from *Pauline*, Browning gives us his own poetical creed. He, perhaps, more than any other poet from Shakespeare to Walt Whitman, truly "chronicled the stages of all life." He belonged to the world of men and women, and from the world of men and women he drew his material for his poems and plays. Not from airy nothingness did he mould his characters, but, as the Potter's wheel moulds the plastic clay, so Browning moulded his men and women from the fertile earth.

"Man's thoughts and loves and hates!  
Earth is my vintage, these grew there:  
From grapes of the ground, I made or  
marred  
My vintage."

Robert Browning depicted "the whole panorama of human life, with its loves and hates, its strivings and failures, its half-reasonings and beguiling sophistries" with a democratic inclusiveness. One critic says of him, "He steps out from under the yoke of the classicist, where only gods and heroes have leave to breathe; and, equally, from that of the romanticist, where kings and persons of quality alone flourish. Wherever he found latent possibilities of character, which might be made to expand under the glare of his brilliant imagination, whether in hero, king or knave, that being he chose to set before his readers as a living individuality to show whereof he was made, either through his own ruminations or through the force of circumstances."

The words which he uses to describe the painter Pacchiarotto might be appropriately used to describe Browning himself.

“He painted nor cried ‘quiesco’  
Till he peopled its every square foot  
With Man—from the Beggar barefoot  
To the Noble in cap and feather;  
All sorts and conditions together.  
The Soldier in breastplate and helmet  
Stood frowningly—hail fellow well  
met—  
By the Priest armed with bell, book and  
candle.  
Nor did he omit to handle  
The Fair Sex, our brave distemperer:  
Not merely King, Clown, Pope, Emper-  
or—”

Browning draws all types of humanity with equal sincerity and ability. Each character lives for us in the form of a living being, whether a product of his own fertile imagination, or some character found among some of “the holes and corners of history.” He has given us the little beggar maid in Pippa, the silk-weaver, “that little ragged girl,” as Ottima calls her.

Browning’s nobles are of many types. One type is Count Guido Franceschini, the cruel husband of Pompilia. We may get a picture of him from Caponsacchi.

“Hallo, there’s Guido, the black,  
the mean and small,  
Bends his brows on us.”  
Pompilia, herself, gives an even clearer picture of him.  
“When he proved Guido Franceschini,—  
old  
And nothing like so tall as I myself,  
Hook-nosed and yellow in a bush of  
beard,  
Much like a thing I saw on a boy’s wrist  
He called an owl and used for catching  
birds,—”

A different type of noble is Sir Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, whose almost insane devotion to an unworthy king was the cause of his downfall. In Pym's words:

“Wentworth's come: nor sickness, care,  
The ravaged body nor the ruined soul,  
More than the winds and waves that  
beat his ship,  
Could keep him from the King.”

Among Browning's nobles, the haughty Duke in the perfect monologue, *My Last Duchess*, is one of the best known. He shows us his own character in the words below:

“—E'en then would be some stooping;  
and I choose  
Never to stoop . . . I gave commands;  
Then all smiles stopped together.”

Opposed to the Duke in Italy, we see Count Gismond in France,

“Till out strode Gismond; then I knew  
That I was saved. I never met  
His face before, but, at first view,  
I felt quite sure that God had set  
Himself to Satan; who would spend  
A minute's mistrust on the end?”

We turn to another type of mankind pictured by Browning, the prelate. Perhaps, the best known is Guiseppe Caponsacchi, the priest-lover of Pompilia.

“If God yet have a servant, man a friend,  
The weak a savior, and the vile a foe,—  
Let him be present, by the name invoked,  
Guiseppe Maria Caponsacchi!”

In *The Soliloquy of a Spanish Cloister*, we find two more types of priests—one a kind, gentle, lovable man; the other, jealous, revengeful, and cruel. The jealous monk gives away his own character and that of his broth-



er monk in the first lines which purely reek with vengeance and hate.

“Gr-r-r there go, my heart’s abhorrence.

Water your damned flower-pots, do!

If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,

God’s blood, would not mine kill you!”

Equally true to type is the Bishop in *The Bishop Orders His Tomb*. Browning is depicting through the suspicious, jealous, luxury-loving bishop the characteristics of the decadent Renaissance Period.

“ . . . Fewer tapers then,

But in a row: and going, turn your backs

—Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,

And leave me in my church, the church  
for peace,

That I may watch at leisure, if he leers-

Old Gandolf—at me, from his onion-  
stone,

As still he envied me, so fair she was!”

Browning’s women characters are equally as well-drawn as his men. The most perfect woman character which he has given us is Pompilia. Through this almost divine woman, we see the light of Mrs. Browning’s own personality shining. Perhaps that is why Pompilia has lived, and will go on living as a true woman in the world of good women. Caponsacchi shows her to us, white and pure.

“Whiter and whiter, near grew and more  
near,

Till it was she: there did Pompilia  
come;

The white I saw shine through her was  
her soul’s,

Certainly, for the body was one black,  
Black from head down to foot. She

did not speak,  
Glided into the carriage,—so a cloud  
Gathers the moon up.”

As an example of a type of woman opposed to the sincerity and innocence of Pompilia, we may take the light, artificial, thoughtless Lucretia, the beloved but unloving wife of Andrea del Sarto. Andrea loves her as a beautiful woman, yet he knows that she lacks soul.

“—How could you ever prick those perfect ears,  
Even to put the pearl there! Oh, so sweet—  
My face, my moon, my everybody’s moon,  
Which everybody looks on and calls his,  
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn.

. . . . .  
“But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,  
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,  
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird  
The fowler’s pipe, and follows to the snare—  
Had you, with these, the same, but brought a mind!  
Some women do so.”

Browning has put into poetry another wife of an Italian painter, Francesca Romanelli. His wife, Beatrice Signorini, like Lucretia, appears to be absorbed in other things and to ignore her husband’s art. He found, however, that she had a mind which he had never suspected.

“ . . . My own wife loves me in a sort  
That suits us both; she takes the world’s  
report

Of what my work is worth, and, for the  
rest,  
Concedes that, while his consort keeps  
her nest,  
The eagle soars a licensed vagrant; lives  
A wide free life which she at least for-  
gives—

Good Beatrice Signorini!”

When the eagle soared too high, however, his “placid-perfect wife” showed that she too had spirit. Thus, Francesca grew to love her, perhaps, as much as Andrea loved his Lucretia, who was not nearly so wise as Beatrice.

“Heart’s love, take—

Use your possession—stab or slay at will  
Here—hating, saving—woman with the  
skill

To make man beast or God!”

Browning not only depicts all types of humanity, but practically all nationalities as well. From his poems we may draw the conclusion that man is fundamentally the same the world over, whether he lives in England or in Italy. The English Bishop Blougram is not so very different from the Italian bishop in *The Bishop Orders His Tomb*. The German Paracelsus, Michal, and Festus are not so different from many English students. The Jewish Rabbi Ben Ezra has many of the same views on life and death as the German Johannes Agricola. From the Jewish Saul we learn that “All’s love, yet all’s law.” From the Russian Ivan Ivanovitch, we see again that God’s law is supreme, although in another form.

“The whole live world is rife,  
God, with Thy glory, rather! Life, then,  
God’s best of gifts,  
For what shall man exchange? For  
life—when so he shifts

The weight and turns the scale, lets life  
for life restore  
God's balance, sacrifice the less to gain  
the more."

Representing the Roman type of man, we have *Instans Tyrannus* and *Protus*; for the Greek, we have *Artemis Prologizes*, *Pheidippides*, and *Aristophanes' Apology*. Thus, we see that Browning was not the poet of any particular nationality. Not by any chance could he have been called a national British poet. If he were the poet of any country, judging from the number of poems and plays written on Italian subjects and with Italian characters, we should call him, perhaps, an Italian poet, or a poet of Italy. This judgment might go hard with almost any other Englishman, but I do not believe that Browning would have been ashamed of it, even though he loved England. Did not he himself say,

"Open my heart and you will see  
Graved inside of it, 'Italy'."?

An eminent student of Browning says: "The poetic motive informing Browning's work is, in one word, aspiration, which moulds and develops the varied and complex personalities of the humanity he depicts, as the persistent energy of the scientist, holding its never-wearying way, gives to the world of phenomena its infinite array of shows and shapes. Aspiration . . . is the primal energy underneath that law which we call progress. Through aspirations, ideals . . . are formed, and through it ideals perish, as it breaks away from them to seek more complete realization of truth. While it ever urges the human soul to love and achievement, through its very persistence the soul learns that the perfect flowering of its rare imaginings is not possible of attainment in this life.

"Browning portrayed life either developing, or, at some crucial moment, the outcome of past development, or the

determinative influence for future growth or decay."

One of the essentials of Browning's most famous literary form, the dramatic monologue, is that there must be a crisis in a life, a "pinnacle moment in the soul of the speaker." Browning portrays through these monologues and through his drama "the conflict of good and evil, of lower with higher ideals in struggles fought out on the battle-ground within every human soul." Thus, we find some form of aspiration, even if impossible of attainment, in all of Browning's best known characters.

Norbert, the hero of *In a Balcony*, expresses his aspirations when he says:

" . . . but let my low ground shame their  
high!

Truth is the strong thing. Let man's  
life be true!

And love's the truth of mine."

In another passage in the same play the Queen speaks of keeping one's faith in his own aspirations.

"That if we had but faith—wherein we  
fail—

Whate'er we yearn for would be granted  
us;

Yet still we let our whims prescribe de-  
spair,

Our fancies thwart and cramp our will  
and power,

And while accepting life, abjure its use."

In the same play the Queen says,

" . . . I count life just a stuff

To try the soul's strength on, educe the  
man."

Through his characters Browning represents aspiration in the form of social, religious, and artistic ideals.

Pippa, perhaps, expresses for us the highest social

ideal in Browning's poetry. *Pippa Passes* is, in the opinion of some critics, the greatest poem ever written, with the exception of some of Walt Whitman's poems, to express the sentiment of the pure love of humanity. Pippa lives for us in her unconscious influence for good on the lives of others.

"I will pass each, and see their happiness,  
And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,  
Useful to men, and dear to God, as they!"

In Pippa's morning hymn, we have the expression of the ideals of service to man and to God.

"All service ranks the same with God—  
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,  
Are we; there is no last nor first."

In *Paracelsus*, Browning's greatest work, we have aspiration truly moulding and developing the personality of the student Paracelsus. Paracelsus aspires to know the truth, and to serve God by finding it to give to the world.

"I profess no other share  
In the selection of my lot, than this  
My ready answer to the will of God  
Who summons me to be His organ."

" . . . I have a life  
To give; I singled out for this, the one!"

Paracelsus had the social instinct, the desire to leave the world a better place for his having lived in it, by revealing God's truth to man.

" . . . 'Tis time  
New hopes should animate the world,  
new light

Should dawn from new revealings to a  
race  
Weighed down so long, forgotten so  
long."

Rabbi Ben Ezra shows us that aspiration was all in all to him.

"What I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me,  
A brute I might have been, but would  
not sink i' the scale."

The Rabbi, more than any of Browning's men or women, depicts physical life as equally as important as spiritual life.

He says,

"All good things  
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now,  
than flesh helps soul!"

He is real flesh and blood to us, a man whose life is the outcome of a past development and equally a determining influence for future growth in old age.

"The Future I may face now I have  
proved the Past."

We can hardly call Caliban a representative of Browning's men and women. He does, however, represent a certain type of humanity little removed from the brute. Even his type of man has some aspiration—some desire to know. To him God is a creature to be hated and feared because he can't be understood.

"He hath a spite against me, that I know,  
Just as he favors Prosper, who knows  
why?"

Because Caliban can't know "why?", he cannot love God. Johannes Agricola gives us the opposite religious ideal. To him God is God because he can't be understood.

"God, whom I praise; how could I praise  
If such as I might understand,

Make out and reckon on his ways  
And bargain for his love and stand,  
Paying a price at his right hand?"

Karshish and Cleon are also representative men of their times who give us their ideas of religious aspiration.

To Cleon aspiration is unattainable.

"And so a man can use but a man's joy  
While he sees God's."

Growth, however, is that form of aspiration which produces progress.

"Why stay we on this earth unless to  
grow?"

Browning's artists also have ideals to which they aspire with little hope of attainment.

In *Pictor Ignotus* the painter holds to his artistic ideals and remains unknown, rather than to lower his ideals and paint for praise or gold.

"So, die my pictures! surely, gently die!  
O youth, men praise so,—holds their  
praise its worth?

Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden  
cry?

Tastes sweet the water with such specks  
of earth?"

The ideals of beauty and reality in art were what Fra Lippo Lippi aspired to achieve.

"If you get simple beauty and naught  
else,

You get about the best thing God invents."

From Andrea, the faultless, yet soulless painter, we get, perhaps, the highest expression of aspiration for the unattainable ever uttered.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed  
his grasp,  
Or what's a heaven for?"



Horace E. Scudder said of Browning that he struck the note again and again, in drama, lyric, and romance, which was to be the dominant note of his poetry, that disclosure of the soul of man in all manner of circumstances, as if this world were to the poet a great laboratory of souls for solving, dissolving, and resolving the elements.

It was the world of men and women toward which his gaze was directed all his life, and which held his heart and brain.

In *One Word More*, which was appended to the original collection of poems called *Men and Women*, Browning presents this, his best-beloved work, to his beloved wife.

“Love, you saw me gather men and women  
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy!  
Enter each and all, and use their service,  
Speak from every mouth,—the speech a  
poem,

Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,  
Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving:  
I am mine and yours--the rest be all men's,  
Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty.  
Let me speak this once in my true person,

Not as Lippo, Roland, or Andrea  
Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence:

Pray you, look on these my men and women,

Take and keep my fifty poems finished,  
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also!”

## Art Corner

### Andrea del Sarto

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,

Or what's a heaven for?"

Robert Browning struck the keynote of the work of a talented painter who for over four hundred years has delighted the world with his paintings. Andrea del Sarto was one of the most potentially great artists that ever lived. His technique was nearly perfect, so perfect that when his work was finished he was deprived of the joy that comes when one still hopes to achieve even greater things. There was little to be desired—except a soul.

Andrea del Sarto was a skilful composer. He gave movement to his figures, bathing them in a soft, luminous light, but he was a commonplace thinker who expressed tenderness without affection.

He created a new and enduring type of Virgin. His wife usually served as his model, and if, perchance, another was his model, he painted his wife's face. With this knowledge one can understand why his paintings lacked depth of soul, because his wife did not truly love him and her spirit was not great enough to fire with divine inspiration, even Andrea del Sarto, who worshipped her.

The Madonna of the Harpies is one of Andrea del Sarto's greatest paintings. In it the Virgin has a cold beauty that expresses little love. The children's faces, however, are sweet and smiling, and every touch of their hands on the feet of the Madonna is a caress. The coloring is very soft and rich with its warm browns, and red and blue draperies. The whole effect is quiet, serene, and beautiful, with a touch of sadness that one would expect Andrea del Sarto to paint.

Lillian Rhodes, '29

### **Dandelions**

A follower of Midas came with Spring across the grass,  
I heard him from my window singing, singing saw him  
pass.

He carried broken rainbows in a pocket that he wore,  
I saw him when he scattered handfuls at my door.

He danced—a merry dance it was, I knew he wasn't old;  
And yet, I judged of Midas as I saw his trail of gold;  
But when I found the dandelions and heard a piping gay,  
I knew 'twas Pan that came with Spring, and Spring had  
come to stay.

Elizabeth P. Falconer, '31

### **Disillusioned**

The moon cast down  
Its gleams of silver  
Upon us two.

My thoughts—my heart—  
My very soul—were all  
For you.

You said good night  
And left me  
Standing there . . . .

Not once since then  
Have you looked my way . . .  
Now—life is bare.

Mary Ellen Cato, '31

### Life

You are afraid of Life You merely touch  
The surface-things with an indifferent art—  
Dear, tell me; is the pang of it too much  
For you to bear? And so you close your heart?  
Then open it again! You can forego  
Such small content, to find what Life's made of—  
I'll introduce it to you!—And you'll know  
The joy of sorrow and the pain of love . . . .  
God will come down and dwell within your soul;  
You'll share Him with each person that you meet,  
And find Him in all things; and at the goal  
Of Heaven, you'll lay a full life at His feet.

For this ecstatic hour's eternal gain  
I can endure all Life's exquisite pain.

Alice Harrison, '32

### The Sea

Stretches of blue and stretches of white,  
Sand and sea and sky;  
Silent sands where the winds are free  
And a sailboat rocked on a rippled sea  
And a far-off sky and we, and we—  
A gray sea-gull and I!

Desert wastes of lonely sand  
Lonely sand and sea.  
The mountains are friendly, the prairie wide,  
The valleys are green by the river's side,  
But the silent sands and the rolling tide  
Were made for me—for me!

E. F. '31

**Ah, No, I've Not Forgotten All Those Days**

Ah, no, I've not forgotten all those days,  
The days I loved because I thought you true,  
The golden hours when even the cries of jays  
To me were sweet because I dreamed of you.  
Yes, I remember—and my heart is sad—  
That changes came like shadows o'er the sun  
To darken all the hopes that were so glad  
And take away the heart I thought I'd won.  
I once thought love a thing unchanged by years,  
All hearts, all love, a love resembling mine,  
But Time did teach a lesson blurred with tears  
Blotted, alas, my dream of love divine.

Youth's fiery ardor is replaced; 'tis lost;  
I would not have it back at any cost.

G. J. K., '29

**On Your Leaving**

I saw you leave—  
I watched you go;  
I wondered—and then—  
I heard the door you left ajar  
Swing to—  
That was the end.

Frances Willis, '29

## A Misunderstanding



FF the main road on the crest of a tiny rise stood a lonely cabin. There was a solitary tree to give it shade, and the said tree was already in its last stage of decay. Its one branch of withered leaves shivered in the breeze that blew across the corn field. There was a stillness about the place, broken only by the guttural caw of two crows who were speculating from the topmost limb of the dying oak. The corn blades rustled in the hot summer air. On the edge of the field was grazing a cow, and she nervously wrinkled her sides in order to rid herself of the flies that swarmed about her seething form. Having grazed as far as her rope would let her, she now sank down on the soft dirt and began to chew her cud. She blinked her eyes at the two crows who flapped their wings very disconcertedly as they flew over her head to the pine woods beyond.

The setting sun cast its last warm rays on the deserted-looking cabin. That little house had withstood the weather for many a year, but now its gray weather-boarding was rotting below the eaves. The door-sill was worn and the open door sagged on its hinges.

Through the gloom beyond the door was detected a moving figure, and just then old Igothia waddled to the entrance. She fitted in with the atmosphere of deadness that enveloped her deserted-looking home. Her old black hands were gnarled and knotted, and her black weather-beaten face was wrinkled. She had her kinky wool rolled securely in rags, and gold-hooped rings dangled from her ears.

After wiping her face with her torn apron, Igothia stood in the doorway for several seconds without moving. She gazed intently down the field toward the road, and then shook her head. Slowly she turned toward the kitchen with a dissatisfied grunt. She took down the milk

pail from its peg, and reached for her old straw poke-hat.

"He said he warn't gwine to git heyeah 'til evenin' nohow," she muttered as she started toward the cow. "Dish year cow cyeant stand waiting fer to be milked no longer; I 'bliged fer to do hit myself."

Old Bess got up as Igolhia approached and eyed her lazily as the old woman squatted by her side. Once Bess flapped her tail with such vigor that she nearly knocked the pail from Igolhia's knees.

"Look out, Bess!" cried the old woman, "You aim fer to spill dis yere milk, an' I slap yo' hide!"

It was rather late when Igolhia returned from the spring-house by the woods. She washed the pail and hung it up to dry. Then she sat in the doorway and leaned wearily against the door-frame. The cool breeze that blew through the door was a relief from the oppressing heat of the day. The old colored woman closed her eyes. Her body swayed with a rhythmical movement. She chanted through half-closed lips—

"Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Comin' for to carry me home."

She was feeling the song with her body. Her voice cracked weakly as she continued to chant and sway. The old oak tree seemed to sway as she moaned. Even the corn-tops moved softly in the night air.

Suddenly Igolhia opened her eyes and sat up. She cocked her head on one side and listened. Far down the road she heard the faint sound of voices singing. Then hoarse laughter and after that silence. She frowned.

"He bes' fer to cum home," she muttered to herself. I 'lowed yestidy as how I'd go fetch him myself."

She lapsed into silence. Her head was resting against the door as she watched the moon rise above the trees. There was a stillness about the cabin. Igolhia closed her eyes once more. Her head drooped wearily in a nod and

she fell asleep. Far away came the echoes of someone singing. A whip-poor-will sounded in the distance. Once a dog barked. And the full moon shone down upon the cabin.

\* \* \* \*

"Hey, dere, niggah!"

Igolhia woke with a start. The morning sun blinded her, and she could not see who it was that spoke.

"You make out fer to sleep all mawnin', Igolhia?" queried a voice.

Igolhia raised herself stiffly from her sleeping position on the door-sill and leaned forward. She blinked dazedly at the black youth standing before her.

"Lawdy, I done slep' right whar I is," she remarked slowly. "Whut you doin' in dese parts, Zek? You seen anything o' my ole man?"

The boy grinned and shoved his hand into his pockets.

"I cum on de steamer las' night and I seen Pete down at de wharf," he answered.

"What he doin' down dere?" Igolhia frowned suspiciously.

"I dunno," replied the young negro turning his head. "Him and a few others habin' a good time, I reckon."

"He bes' cum home an' hab his good time," grunted the woman. "Whar's he at now, Zek?"

The boy hesitated, and then took a step forward.

"Igolhia, he done gone. He done—he done tuk de steamer and lef'."

"You mean fer to 'sinuate he ain't yere?"

"I tole you," repeated the boy. "I speck he's in Baltimore by now." He scratched his wooly head and turned toward the path. "He ain't aimin' fer to cum back no time soon—not if dat yellow gal from Broad Creek keeps a-holt on him. I knows dat gal," he called back over his shoulder.

"An' Ah knows Pete, too," returned the colored woman. She clutched the doorknob as she stood and stared



at the distant pines.

If Pete had never gone to work at the tomato factory he'd never have met that "yellow gal." Igochia had never seen the girl but she had no use for a "half-breed," as she termed them. She wished that Pete had stayed on the fishing steamer. True he wasn't home very much, but at least he wasn't galavanting around with young colored girls. Igochia burned with jealousy as she pursued her line of thought.

"He oughter be home cultivatin' dat corn right now," she mused. "I'll just go fetch him home."

And if before, Igochia had seemed to have one bit of faith in man, it was all forgotten now in her haste to get away.

She was standing on the side of the road the following afternoon when Josh Wicks came along driving a shambl-ed old cart.

"Why, Igochia, Ah didn't know you," said he. "You gwine away?"

Igochia nodded without speaking.

He threw down the reins and climbed out on the shafts. "Hyeah, gimme yo' traps; I'll tote you to de wharf. Dat's whar you gwine, ain't it?"

"Yes," Igochia managed to say. "Reckon I kin ketch dat steamer?" She climbed up with his aid and sat down on the long board that served as a seat.

"Shore; dat steamer won't get in from Baltimore 'till 'bout 'leven." He pulled the reins, "Giddap, Jake."

The two rode on in silence in the shaky cart. As they neared the wharf Josh turned to Igochia and said, "Look hyeah, Igochia, it's plumb foolishness, yo' runnin' after Pete."

"I 'low ain't nothin' foolishness for people to min' dey own business, Josh." Igochia set her teeth and stared stubbornly ahead of her. She could see the wide river, the wharf and the little gasoline boats anchored in the

hook. Soon she would be on the steamer leaving, and— And then she felt Josh's arm creep slowly around her shoulders and she heard the old negro say slowly, "Igolhia, dey ain' no nigger love you lik' Ah does. You bes' fer to let Pete go wid dat woman—and you come wid me."

Igolhia turned quickly and gave Josh a scorching look. Her white eyes were flashing.

"Look a-hyeah, Josh Wicks: I ain't ask fer no flirtations from you much as I 'preciate dis yere ride." She pulled away from his embrace. "I bound to ask you fer to set me out now." Igolhia meant to retain her dignity even to the end.

Josh pulled in the reins and the horse stopped.

"I 'lowed as how it was purty late," he admitted, "though I been lovin' you ever since you and Pete built dat house on de hill—and, Lawd, dat was twenty years ago." He helped Igolhia off the cart, and as he did so, he watched her facial expression. She was as immovable as so much stone. There was no expression whatsoever in her black face.

He tried once more. "I just kinda thought," he began, "it 'ud be lonesome fer you—with Pete gone."

Once more Igolhia gave Josh a burning look.

"He won't be gone long," she grunted. "I'm gwine to fetch him home." She started to walk toward the wharf, and Josh turned to unload his tomato baskets.

Out on the wharf Igolhia waited alone. She sat down on a tomato crate behind the waiting room, and watched the gas boats drift with the tide.

It was late when the steamer blew for the wharf. The great flashlight flooded the warehouse.

Igolhia waited in shadow of the warehouse until the stevedores had almost finished loading. Then she stepped forward and with uncertain steps she crossed the gangplank.

She had not noticed those passengers who had got off the steamer. The night was dark and she was concerned only with herself. Had she known that her husband got off the steamer shortly before she got on, there is no telling how things would have turned out.

Igolhia happy in the thought that she was going to find Pete in Baltimore—and secretly happy over the fact that she would soon be in a great city—went to her state room, and was soon asleep in her berth. But there were many things lying in wait for the old colored woman. She was to find the city an expanse of bewilderment filled only with hordes of rushing people none of whom would pay any attention to her. Igolhia had imagined that the first person she asked would be able to inform her as to Pete's whereabouts. She had not reckoned with the fact that everyone did not know Pete—and he a black man, too. Igohila, heretofore, happy in her simplicity in her little cabin was to know that happiness no longer. She might find happiness; she might find work—but, Pete—she would not find him, for he was not there. At that very minute he was standing in the open doorway of their little cabin home watching the moon sink behind a clump of trees beyond the corn field. He was thinking how good it was that he had found a wholesale market for all those canned tomato goods. He was a little set up because he had been chosen so suddenly to tend to the job. He had had a nice trip on the river, but it was good to be home again.

It was late, very late, for the moon had just set. Pete sat in the door-way and breathed in the cool night air. The cabin was so still that he could not even hear Igolhia snoring. He wondered when she had gone to bed. Funny she hadn't waited for him—but then—no—it was after three o'clock. Pete scratched his head.

"I'm blessed if Ah ever tole her Ah was gwine away," he said to himself. "Well, Ah'll tell her all 'bout mah trip

in de mawnin' and when she sees dese yere new red yerrings, she'll forgive me for bein' so forgitful."

He closed his eyes, and his head dropped on his chest. The summer wind blew the withered branch of the old oak tree and stirred the blades of corn. But Pete slept soundly through it all, for the lonely little cabin on the hill was very, very quiet that dark summer night.

J. E. W., '29

### III—

I heard a boy's voice singing,  
Riding through the night;  
A song so soft and dreamy—  
A silver ship of light.

A lilting song of youthful love,  
Of sunrise and of dawn,  
Of love as sweet as bird song  
Upon a summer morn.

A thrilling song of passion,  
And a golden galleon—  
An em'rald sail 'gainst an azure sky  
Beneath a tropic sun.

Then the boy stopped singing  
And all was still once more,  
And I heard the sea breeze sobbing,  
And the waves upon the shore.

Alice LeBaron Ribble, '32

## Interlude



ANNE FRANK was furious or rather, as it were, frantically bewildered. Inwardly she writhed: why had she started on such an uncertain chase for a pleasant week-end, and why had all her plans been smashed by that horrid little yellow sheet marked "Western Union"? She read it for the third time: "Plans impossible! Leaving for New York today. Sorry; will explain later. Pat." Anne shrugged her lovely shoulders into a pleasing slump and let her gaze rest vacantly on the fast-moving landscapes. She saw a monotonously flat country, broken only by a white strip or ribbon (probably a highway) running parallel with the train. She thought of its plain ugliness and then let an orchard with seas of pink and white blossoms slip by unnoticed.

To any casual fellow traveller who chanced to glimpse at her—and let it be added, after the first glimpse he would cease to be casual—she seemed very striking: short yellow curls crushed under shapeless felt, slim grace in severe tweeds, one square clad foot shoved out into the aisle. Her graceful slouch into the uncomfortable depths of the pullman chair, the listless expression of her dark eyes, and the unconsciously bitter expression of her mouth suggested extreme sophistication and boredom. Evidently, all outward appearances were in complete contrast to the struggle in her mind. Of all awful things! She guessed she could go on, but that would only end in a blind alley without Pat. Well! she could always get reservations back to her Alma Mater and everything considered, that would be best. She'd just get off at the first station and go back the way she came—no use in going farther.

Already she felt better; how stupid to get wrought up over such a little thing! She reached for her field-glasses

to better enjoy the flying landscapes which had seemed so dull a moment before. The thing which caught and held her attention was a grey roadster which, scarcely touching the concrete, was passing the train. "Grim looking thing," she thought, "neat roadster but what an awfully gloomy grey." She almost shuddered at the reckless rate the lone occupant was driving. He must be either drunk or mad.

The train without warning gave one of its characteristic jerks and jumped to a stop. Feverishly Anne grabbed her luggage together and, without so much as a final coat of lipstick, managed to step unconcernedly off the train into a perfect maze of waiting collegiates. Several finally succeeded in getting possession of her bag, and she, wondering how to escape being good-naturedly mobbed to death, murmured answers to the perfect deluge of questions. Thanks, she could manage by herself and she didn't mind not being met. Her bag, please! They misunderstood, she was not going to the games or dances either!

Anne was hardly conscious that someone had taken her hand and was leading her away.

"So awfully glad to see you. Down-right decent of you to come. Let's get out of this."

In a daze she mumbled thanks and followed, but abruptly recovered, when she recognized the car in which her doubtful rescuer had put her. It was the grey roadster.

"Possibly a little unusual for me to see such a lovely girl. I call it lucky, not strange," and then as if remembering something he added, "I was looking for something diverting."

Smiling a little at her situation and scowling at his presumption she replied, "But I'm so afraid the diversion you've found won't prove satisfactory. You see, being selfish, I've my own plans to consider before the pleasure

of others."

The car, which had been making excellent time since leaving the station, suddenly swerved off the main road to a pine-bordered lane and was heading almost instinctively for a nice place to park. The brakes gave a screech in lament for the motor which died abruptly. Anne Frank swept the driver with her most contemptuous glance.

"You aren't by any chance fool enough to think that you can get away with kidnapping or anything like that?" And as she saw his puzzled look, added, "In any case, since you picked me up you must let me impose until we can find a hotel, and that's impossible parked here."

"That's logic, but there's something I want to get straight; I believe I've made a terrific mistake and I can't think as well when in motion; that's why I stopped."

"Impossible! I don't believe you have the faculty for thinking or anything else!" She tried to think. If she ever did get back to school she'd never be so dumb again.

"Oh, now!" he turned a pair of masked grey eyes which seemed somehow, Anne thought, to hold a glint of humor. "Let's not have a dirty digging contest. I really do beg your pardon. 'Twas foolish of me to grab you off like that without being sure. I'm almost afraid to ask if your name isn't Marion Steele, because I think it finally enters my thick skull that you aren't the girl my sister asked me to meet."

"As it happens, I'm not! But I think I can see how you made the mistake. I just let you walk away with me. It was rather stupid of us both."

"That's nice of you to put it that way. I'm sure the fault was mine, however—but to get practical—can I take you anywhere? Who was to have met you? I'll bet he's crazy by this time and looking everywhere for you."

"You're wrong there. No one was to have met me here. I got off the train to make connections back to St. Mary's. To put everything in a nut shell, my week-end

party was knocked in the head and well—if you'll be good enough to drop me at a hotel, I can get reservations back."

"But, I say! Think of my sister. She's expecting me to bring home a guest. The real one evidently didn't come and so why can't I take you back with me. I'd like for you to meet her."

In amazement Anne stared at his evident seriousness, "I suppose proper introductions and the like don't count with you, but I don't know about your sister, and as for me! Well—quite impossible."

"My dear girl, you don't know my sister. We have a cottage close to the campus,—easy for us to catch classes you know. We live a Bohemian life and I'm sure you won't have a dull time. As for introductions, it won't make any great difference to us that I'm burdened with the name of Austin Cornelius Caperton—besides my sister finished at St. Mary's last year and—"

Anne Frank cut in, with a rapt look of happy surprise. "Let me make a guess at the rest. Her name is Barbara, Barbara Caperton, and she was my roommate when I was a freshman. You are the brother she used to tell me about! I see the resemblance now: eyes, mouth, everything!" and as she sank back with a contented sigh, "Take me to Barbara. I think I foresee a ducky week-end."

"It'll be diverting." Austin Cornelius Caperton laughed as he threw in the clutch.

M. Frances Shepard, '30



## Chimney Mansions



CELIA DAVENPORT had always loved the old fashioned garden through which she now walked. She loved the tall box hedges beneath which the small sleepy blue eyes of the violets were beginning to peep. She loved the little pond overhung with weeping willows. But most of all she loved the tall lone brick chimney standing noble and defiant amid the banks of weed-grown ruins that knelt at its feet. For years this chimney had stood there bare to wind and storm. To Celia it was a sign of mystery and ghostly apprehension. Oh, the tales it could tell. It could tell of the disappearance of its old master. Maybe it knew what had happened to little Peter the night of the fire. Yet it stood all powerful and knowing, but dumb to the ears of all humans.

As Celia slowly walked down the long avenue of oaks that led up to this forlorn chimney she was thinking again of the little boy, Peter, who had lived with his uncle at Worth Manor. She could barely remember the time—she was just five years old—that she had been invited to Peter's birthday party. It was his eleventh birthday. She remembered how out of place she had felt among all of those older children. Now she knew that she had been invited just out of courtesy, because she had lived next door. A month after the party the house had burned. No one knew what had become of old Mr. Peter Worth and his young nephew. Had they perished in the flames or had they in some way escaped? If Peter were still alive he would be twenty-four. Celia had built up a girlish fancy around this mysterious boy. Maybe some day he would return to the picturesque ruins. She had visions of a new lovely home built around the stately old chimney and she had timidly fashioned herself mistress of this fanciful home. The honk of automobile horn rudely interrupted Cecilia in her dreams. She was conscious that

Jim Lane was waiting for her at the end of the avenue. She could hear him calling to her—"Hey, Celia, com'on for a spin." Celia ran to the car and jumped in. With a flare of dust she was off—forgetting all about her girlish fancies in the call of youth to youth.

The months passed. It was summer again and Celia had been home just a week. How nice it was to be home again after a long, hard year at college but Celia's mind was in a tumult. Everyone was talking about it. How young Peter Worth had come back. He was going to build a new home on the old place. The plans had been drawn and the house was to be begun in the fall. No one knew where Peter Worth had come from. He had told no one where he had been all of these years. The whole village was agog with interest and excitement but Celia was the most excited of them all. It seemed as if her dreams were coming true. How she longed to see him, but he had left the week before she came home and would not be back until the new house was begun in the fall.

Fall again. To Celia that summer had flown by on lucid wings. In her young enjoyment of the happy passing hours. Only three days more and she would be back at school. Amid the summer dances and gayeties the excitement about Peter Worth had died down and she had almost, but not quite, forgotten her cherished dreams. All of that summer Celia had not visited the ruins of Worth Manor more than once or twice, and on this limpid Indian summer evening she decided to go for the last time to visit her chimney garden that would be hers no more. Quickly she walked up the long avenue of oaks till she reached the tall chimney—there to look for the last time on its moss-grown buttresses. How she loved this hoary monument and in her heart was the prayer that Peter Worth would not have the heart to tear it down.

Passing on Celia took the path that led to the little pond. It was twilight, the crickets and frogs had just

come out to begin their nightly carolling. Celia sat down on the green grass at the edge of the pond, letting her hand listlessly play about in the cool water. Looking down into the glassy pool Celia saw her own face mirrored in the water. But, there was another face too, or rather the reflection of a man standing near her. It seemed that he had seen her start for a smile spread over the face of the man in the water. Quickly Celia jumped to her feet and there she stood face to face with the man she knew to be Peter Worth.

"I beg your pardon, I did not mean to startle you," said the man, "but you did seem so much like a fairy or a driad playing in the water that I wanted to see if you were real."

"I beg your pardon for being here," stammered Celia. "I—I—had no idea that you were here and I must be going."

"Pray, don't go," answered the man. "Stay. Do you really like this old place. To me it is only a lot of old rubbish that has to be cleared away before I can build."

"Then you are Peter Worth?"

"Why, yes, I have to admit that that's what everyone calls me, but come. How did you know who I am?"

"Why, everyone knows you as the boy who disappeared at the time of the fire."

"I had almost forgotten that, it seems so long ago. But what is your name fairy princess? Are you Wendy and is this your woodland home?"

"My name is Celia Davenport and I live in the house right next to this."

"Then you are a real person. That's must better. A fairy princess is pretty and pleasant to think about, but a real fairy person is so much nicer for she cannot disappear suddenly and leave you standing foolishly alone."

"But I must be going home; it is getting quite dark."

"Then you are going to be Wendy and disappear just as we are getting acquainted? But, come, do you really love

this place? I think it is very pretty but I did not think my wife would have it so."

Smash!—burst Celia's beautiful dream bubble right in her face. His wife—then he was married. He was going to bring a different wife from the one she had fancied into this home.

Huskily Celia brought out, "Why, I love it. I hate to think of it's being changed and modelled into something new and modern. I know that the heart of that old chimney would break to think of it's being torn down. Think of the proud position it has held for so long. Promise me that when the new house is built it will be built around that faithful, watching chimney."

They had by this time reached the opening in the hedge. Worth made no reply to her last remark. She slipped through the hedge and was gone, leaving him amazed and alone in the ghostly garden.

Celia did not come home again until almost September of the following year. She had graduated from college and had spent the summer as a swimming instructor in a girls' camp. Now that her work was over she was returning home for a short vacation before going off again for the winter.

Her first thought had been about Worth Manor. Had the house been finished? Were Peter and his wife living there together? Had the old chimney been torn down? The letters she had received from home during the summer had told her none of the details of the building. Only that it was being finished and was very magnificent.

On reaching home, her first inquiry was about the Worth house. The house had been finished, but Peter had never lived in it, and nothing had been seen of his wife. Late that night Celia opened her window and looked out on the moonlight scene. She could see the manor white and ghostly among the trees. Her heart gave a start. Yes, there it was, her chimney, the guardian of

this new and lovely mansion.

Late the next evening Celia went again to the old-fashioned garden by the pond. Nothing had been changed there. It was all just as she had left it. The same hedges bordered by sleeping violets, the same pool of water overhung with weeping willows. Walking to the pond as on her last visit she shyly peeped into its mirroring depths. There she saw her own face again shimmering in the ripples. Why could she not forget Peter Worth? Even here she could see his smiling face as on the evening so long ago. But, was this only a trick of fancy? His lips were moving and behind her she could hear a voice calling, "Wendy, my fairy princess."

At that moment Celia would have fallen into the pond if two strong arms had not caught her and held her close. Through her misty daze a voice at her ear was softly whispering, "Wendy, I love you, I love you. I have been waiting for the time when you would come back to your woodland home, to live there as my wife. Here have I built our home around the chimney you loved so well. Will you come, dear, and share this happiness with me?"

And Celia nodded through her tears.

French Hutt, '31

**Breath or Life**

Unloved of Life am I,  
Unfit for Death. Else why  
When I lift my heart up high,  
Does Life dash me low to earth,  
Making me to rue my birth?

'Tis that Death may scorn me lying  
Low in sorrow, yet not dying—  
Lord of Being, grant to me  
Death or Life—  
End this strife!

L. B.

**The Storm**

The rain beats mercilessly  
On my window pane. The  
Cruel wind beats it thru  
The trees—lashing them  
Branch against branch until  
They droop listlessly  
As though  
Their last atom of strength  
Were gone—

The rain washes their  
Leaves gently—reviving them  
Gradually—until—with  
New strength—they lift  
Their branches—like great  
Arms toward  
God  
Gratefully in prayer.

Martha von Schilling, '32

## The Editor's Easy Chair



IFE will ever be reflected in literature; the standards, the ideals, the spirit of a people's culture are eventually made to live again through the skill of those artists who paint in word colors.

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*The Voice* as a new literary mirror reflecting life at S. T. C. hopes to produce a high standard of workmanship which will be worthy of her Alma Mater. College life brings inspiration, idealism, and realization of great truths; here each student experiences an intellectual and spiritual awakening. Such an elevation of mind and spirit must necessarily seek to express itself in literature as an existing reality, and it is a high type of thinking such as this that *The Voice* calls for.

Let us all put forth our best efforts so that our new magazine may portray us in our truest and noblest light--show us to be a group wholly united in spirit, striving unceasingly to reach that goal which promises a higher and a greater degree of perfection.

L. F. B., '30



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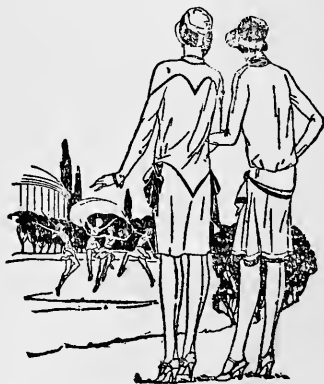
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